2: Man G-5 (1869-1880)1932 AZ2 Andamans AZ2

291 in this respect, that they will not remove or replace their
834 *ō·bunga-*[1] in the presence of any person, even though of their own sex.[2]

Tattooing.—1. With regard to the practice of tattooing,[3]—so
304 general among the eight tribes[4] of Great Andaman, and which, as Peschel remarks, "is only another substitute for raiment"—it has been erroneously asserted that its object is to "harden the skin against the stings of mosquitoes, sandflies, &c., and also for jungle travelling;" but so far from any such benefit being derived therefrom the aborigines aver that the skin becomes more sensitive after undergoing the ordeal, which is considered, primarily, as ornamental, and secondly, as proving the courage of the individual, and his (or her) power of enduring pain.

2. There are no special ceremonies connected with the operation, which, except in the northern tribes, is almost invariably performed by women, who, however, receive no remuneration, but rest satisfied with the honour of being considered competent to fulfil the task; all the sex are not equally skilled, and therefore, those who have gained distinction by former successes are, it may be said, the recognised practitioners, though no special status, or profit, in a material sense, is gained thereby.

304 3. Very few children[5] of either sex are allowed to remain
852 untattooed after about the eighth year, and the final operation is often not attempted until the sixteenth or eighteenth year, the process being carried on gradually during the intervening period.[6]

● [143] 4. The instrument used on these occasions is a flake of quartz,
304 or, now-a-days, glass,[7] which is not "inserted in a stick," but held between the forefinger and thumb; the markings are found chiefly on the back, shoulders, nape of the neck, chest,

[1] The *ō·bunga-* is first worn by girls when they are about five or six years of age.

[2] *Vide ante* "Psychology and Morals," paragraph 8, and footnote.

[3] The legend explaining its supposed origin has been given in Part II (*vide* "Mythology," paragraph 26).

[4] So far as our present knowledge enables us to say, the *jär·awa-* do not tattoo or shave themselves (*vide* "Tribal Distribution," paragraph 2).

[5] Even in the homes the practice is still observed, and one strong-minded youth, *ɨ·ra-jö·do-*, who has hitherto declined to undergo the operation, which he has ventured to stigmatise as unnecessary, has earned for himself the (to them) unenviable designation of "*ab-lü·ta-*," *i.e.*, the "untattooed."

[6] The arms are generally the first part tattooed, and this is accomplished *prior* to the probationary period; the back is ornamented *during* the continuance of the fast and the chest, belly, legs, &c., *subsequently*. Sometimes an *á·kà·ká daka-*, *i.e.*, a youth about 11–12, requests that he may be tattooed on his back and on the nape of his neck before attaining the usual age; such a request from a lad is considered manly, and, indeed, almost heroic, for ordinarily the painful operation is postponed until some years later.

[7] *Vide post* "Stone Implements," paragraphs 6 and 7.

6: Cipriani E-5 (1951-1953)1961 AZ2 Andamans AZ2
Onge

515 people. Furthermore, the Onge skin is very soft and more elastic than is usual
[147] in human beings. For us, clothed and with a less resilient skin, a trip through the thorny Andaman forest means many small, bleeding scratches. Not so for the naked Onge. – To cover them with clothes would endanger their health. Nakedness inures them to the sudden changes of temperature so frequent in
[513] Little Andaman and preserves them from catching cold when sleeping, uncovered, on their rough, unprotected bed of boughs. As with primitives all over the world, clothes make them miserable and, I may add, very ungainly and dirty.

515 Part of their general negligence with regard to hygiene is their carelessness about their teeth. They never clean them. They do keep bamboo sticks,
[413] 1 mm thick and 8 cms long, tucked into their hair to be ostensibly used as toothpicks ; but the sticks, to tell the truth, are more of an ornament than a tool.
142 The Onge's teeth are so compact and sound that there is no space between
[164] them for food particles to collect. No caries or decay of any sort are to be noticed. In a number of skeletons that I dug up from under the beds in communal huts, the teeth gave evidence of one peculiarity : old people had worn
[289] them down to the root. The Onge habit of using teeth as working instruments, to prepare fibre for ropes and in many other circumstances – apart from their permanent chewing on hard foodstuffs – explains this fact.

515 As a consequence of never washing, the natives' hands are sometimes extremely dirty. The Onge themselves are conscious of this. I shall give an
226 instance. It so happened that I arrived in Nachugé, on the west coast, toward the end of March, when the sea was teeming with migrating sardines. In Little Andaman sardines can weigh up to a pound ; but a normal catch, obtained with small hand-nets cast from canoes among shoals of fish imprisoned by the low tide within the coral reef that surrounds the island, contains specimens of
[264] every dimension. All are eaten as soon as possible. The quantity of fish brought back to the camps on such occasions puts all inmates to work and induces everybody to abandon all other occupations for the time being. In the low tidal waters the men push their canoes from rock to rock, using them as receptacles for the abundant food so easily collected. In some "pockets" nets prove unnecessary : the fish is gathered in handfuls and rapidly thrown into the canoes. The hecatomb ends when the canoes are filled to the gunwales. In no other part of the world have I seen food made available to primitive people in such large quantities and with so little effort.

252 Back at the camp, the sardines are "graded" according to size and cooked immediately. They are not washed or cleaned, the inner organs are eaten to-
[263] gether with the flesh. Men, women and children feverishly take part in the cooking ; the fish is boiled without salt. All the natives then plunge their hands
264 avidly into the heap of sardines. From time to time the women clean their
515 hands by rubbing them on the *naquinēghē*. Very soon this garment becomes
[231] extremely smelly. Men and children clean their hands in a different way : by rubbing them on the dogs. On such occasions, everything and everybody smells of fish for days and days. The first to become clean again are the dogs, because they hate to be smeared with fish and wash themselves in the sea as soon as they have a chance.

their fires beside them. On the night of 4–5 April 1953, while I was sleeping with them in the communal hut at Berié-Abdalù a sudden storm drenched us all, forcing us to huddle together round fires under the more waterproof parts of the roof. Numb with cold, but cheerful, they began joking, singing[1] and dancing, men and women separately; this went on all night, and no one suffered any ill effects from the soaking.

The Onge lack of hygiene extends also to their cooking utensils, which are never washed. In recent years the ocean has provided the Onges with a generous and unexpected gift; currents running from the south of Asia have thrown up on to the shores of Little Andaman a shoal of empty petrol drums, stout metal cylinders 1·3 metres high and eighty centimetres in diameter. The astute Onges have patiently divided each one in two, each section big enough to take a large pig. Set on big fires these serve as wonderful cooking pots, and the Onges are delighted with them. Unfortunately, however, although they were thrown up all round the island, the supply is beginning to dry up, and they are rapidly being eaten away by rust.

To boil food, the Onges set the drums on two large logs, laid parallel, with a fire between them. Stones are rarely used to support the drums, although there are plenty about in the interior of the island. On the coast, and for a fair way inland, there is nothing but coral, hard but liable when it gets hot to disintegrate under the heavy weight of the cylinders filled to the brim.

In these gifts from the sea the Onges could prepare tasty broths, but they invariably allow nearly all the water to boil away, and the cooking process is not considered complete until all the liquid has gone. While it is boiling, however, they take care not to lose the fat floating on the top, which they adore. They have even invented a curious sort of dipping-stick for the purpose of skimming the fat off. They take a shoot about twenty centimetres long from a plant which disintegrates into fibre when chewed. One end is chewed into a loose 'brush' and no one present misses his turn to dip it into the pot again and again to skim off a mouthful of fat, even getting up in the night in their eagerness for it. One stick naturally does for everyone, men, women and children, the

[1] The Onge voice is not markedly different from the European. It has a musical quality, fairly high-pitched but never shrill; the Onges never raise their voices, even in anger – disagreements invariably end in a dignified silence.

11: Cipriani E-3 (1951-1955) 1966 AZ2 Andamans AZ2

mothers offering it to the waiting children one after another in strict order. This alone would be enough to explain the spread of the devastating measles epidemics which can attack every member of a hut.

While they love the liquid fat, they despise the broth left behind, and once the meat has been eaten, a thick yellowish soup, not unpleasant, is left in the drum. The dogs love this, and rush for it, putting their paws right into the drum, fighting and snarling in their eagerness to get at it. When they have finished licking, the drum is shining clean and ready for use, with no washing up to do! Clouds of flies descend on the drums, packing into a black swarm all over the bottom and sides, eager to finish off the dogs' work. Sea or river water is often only a yard or two from camp, but no one would dream of washing anything.

Once the meat or fish is cooked, it is often hung in the roof of the hut, out of reach of the dogs. The fact that the roof is dusty and covered in spiders to foul the meat, does not matter; earth and sand get in the way of the teeth, dust and spiders do not. The Onges happily eat contaminated flesh and drink water from pools in which animal carcasses are rotting or dogs are bathing and drinking; the dogs share literally everything with their masters.

On my visits to the island I always had to fence off the wells I had dug out, to avoid a constant battle with the dogs. I always found water only a few metres down, and the dogs revelled in it. In the east, near Nachuge, I saw Onges and dogs together avidly drinking in brackish pools which stank of sulphur, although I must confess that after repeated filtration and boiling the water lost its smell and I was myself able to use it without any ill effects. My men thought it was good for the health to drink it as it was.

During all Onge orgies, and particularly the honey feasts, there is, if possible, even less regard for hygiene. Although the honey is full of wax, larvae, and a few odd bees, their brush-stick only picks up the honey itself. They have another even better way of getting out the honey. A strip of bark about one metre long and as wide as the palm of the hand is taken from a *Ficus*. This is well chewed to make it pliable, and when this is dipped into the honey mixture it emerges dripping with pure honey. Everyone bites at it avidly, young and old, men, women and children, one after another, to the last drop.